Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe,
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along,
My ſelfe and my good Cooſen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghoſt:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Pri And if they liue, I hope I needs not feare:
But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſ. manet, Rich. Buck.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them reſt: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter
To make William Lo: Haſtings of our minde,
For the inſtalement of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?

Cateſ.

Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buck. What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Haſtings, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be emploied.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Miſtreſſe Shore, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this buſines ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what ſhall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Haſtings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, ſomewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs ſuppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger to Lo: Haſtings.

Meſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes at the dore.
Meſ. A meſſenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L. Haſt.*